aboard to the desire of his old heart and sails back to the China of his remembrance to lay his bones there. He lies on his planks I take it, and dreams his opium-scented dreams of old Canton —of *old* Canton.

The fete delayed the *Nang-Li* because our fellows would not load her, but the day following she was to leave at 10 a.m. At that hour I strolled down to say good-bye. My friend greeted me. " Damn it all," he said, " we're held up again. We lost four passengers of senile decay between Lima and this, and blest if our fifth doesn't die this morning! And they've got to make a coffin and hand him over to the Chinks here. They'll be a couple of hours, You remember—that old codger you shook hands with? Seemed good enough then, but went off flick. Well, look here, I've got to go and get busy. Come later, can you ? "

So at the second hoot of the siren I

went again. The liner was ready to cast off. Her seven hundred passengers lined her decks, and in the shade of the sheds on the wharf we clustered to watch and wait—Tahitian girls in their finery, men still wreathed, the Chinese element in force, two or